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AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

GEORGE BIDDLE is a thoughtful writer as well as a practicing painter, block-printer, sculptor, and lithographer. He is one of the younger American artists who believes firmly in American art and a sane reciprocal relationship between our people and our artists. And this feeling has been arrived at despite (possibly because of) the fact that he has studied in Munich and Paris as well as at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. He has recently been teaching at the Hessian Hills School up the Hudson from New York. A second article, to appear in an early issue, considers the art education of children in the light of experience with children of three races.

ERNEST BRACE was graduated from Columbia into the U. S. Navy in 1917 and from there into an editorial job on *Adventure Magazine*. He "joined the post-war flight to any other country, living in Europe from 1920 to 1925, with one excursion home, another to Haiti." Except for a few winters in New York he lived in Woodstock, N. Y., up until 1932. Since then he has been in New York and New Mexico. Last winter he lived in Croton-on-Hudson. He has published one novel, *Commencement*, and a number of articles, including several in *Creative Art*. He has just finished a novel dealing with the predicament of the painter in the contemporary

world. He is one of three editors of *The Plowshare*, published in Woodstock.

ADÉLAÏDE DE BÉTHUNE, who lives in New York, insists that information about herself is rather meager. She was born in Belgium in 1914 and came to America in 1928. She studies composition with Arthur Covey at the National Academy of Design, and, she says, "I am in love with stained glass and work to become a glass designer." Also, "I am a Catholic and an artist." However slight this information, a sufficient basis is presented to explain the peculiar poignance of her article.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ is classified in *Who's Who in America* as a journalist, but everyone knows that he rises head and shoulders above any such category. He holds a unique place among American critics and is followed religiously by many in his capacity of Art Editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. His books on Saint-Gaudens, the elder La Farge, White-law Reid, his *Art and Common Sense*, *Personalities in Art*, *American Artists*, and *The Painter's Craft* are all sufficiently known to need no further recommendation here. In writing of the work of his close friend, Charles A. Platt, in this issue he reveals his usual composure and unhurried judgment. He is President of the Century Association.



CHARLES J. CONNICK: DESIGN FOR THE WESTERN ROSE WINDOW
CATHEDRAL OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK
CRAM AND FERGUSON, ARCHITECTS

When the window is seen in place, with its architectural surroundings, this reproduction emphasizes the impossibility of presenting in any other medium the true richness and brilliance of stained glass in light.

July 1934

HE WHO LAUGHS

THAT communication of an idea is a function of art has never been successfully denied. Nowadays there is a marked tendency toward changing the ideas that can acceptably be expressed. Social comment, the native scene, or (one is told) the newly objective world are now as loudly and as avidly, if not always as subtly, heralded as were the varied products of the school of Paris no time at all ago.

More than one answer exists to the riddles raised by the commercialized fashions of the moment, but all the answers can be found more readily when sought with a sense of humor. Humor, a sense of balance, is a refreshing attribute of the healthy mind; the free play of this kind of sensitivity and the muscles used in smiling and laughing are not as out of place in the presence of art as some high priests and choir-boys of the cult would have us blindly believe. The chuckles, far from being reserved for the sacred gatherings of the initiates, are normally common property.

This past season in a New York gallery there was a very stimulating exhibition of paintings by a young Catalanian. Two of the editors of this magazine visited it one day. There were two others there; one, a very serious, tall man, a Germanesque student of art-history; the other, a youngish American woman. The student went from picture to picture with the utmost frowning seriousness, analyzing, weighing, and possibly deciding what he thought. All most admirable. The woman also went from panel to panel, taking about as long as he did, and looking as keenly. But she was smiling faintly and having a wonderful time. For a moment she was alone in one of the galleries; the rest of us were surprised to hear all of a sudden a good, hearty laugh. One editor looked at the serious visitor; he was flushed with annoyance. The other editor peeked around the corner at the woman; she was flushed with delight. The Germanesque student looked as if the sacred altar had been defiled. To the woman, on the other hand, this art had been a revelation.

People who have no interest in art do not visit these small, specialized galleries. The delighted spectator had not come out of idle curiosity. She had come to see and to understand, in short, to perceive—although it is safer to assume that her attitude was not self-conscious. At any rate she had a warm personal reaction to this witty and deft, if somewhat two-dimensional, humor from Catalonia.

Out of an habitual tradition-fixation we are used to looking for humor in caricatures and cartoons, though we are frequently disappointed. But we take it for granted that this quality may properly be expected there. We move without undue loss of

poise to humorous illustrations, to humorous literature, to humor on the stage and in the dance. Even when listening to music, by common consent the most abstract of the arts, we find ourselves smiling—at least some of us. But just as with the important visual arts, so it is with music. The attitude is one of sackcloth and sour sentiment. Not so very long ago at a concert by the Philadelphia Orchestra the musicians were laughing so vibrantly that the performance seemed endangered. But not the listeners: they sat there puzzled (not by the music), annoyed, asleep, or just plain serious. Perhaps some of them laughed the next morning over their papers when they discovered from the critics that the laughter on the platform was caused by a quality in the music and not by a broken string or some similarly slight disaster.

Before the serious reader assumes that laughter and smiles are being recommended as the one and only approach, either to art that is not yet officially labelled, or, for that matter, to art that is all comfortably catalogued, it might be healthy to say that no such point is intended. Much great art appeals to a less boisterous side of the sense of proportion, and arouses delights of even more profound wonder and respect.

Nevertheless, too much has been said and implied about the "mystery of art." There is a point beyond which every problem becomes a mystery; but are we not saner to accept the problem of art as largely solvable? Parts of the problem make no demands on the sense of humor; but more often than long-faced authority likes to have us think (for one gilded reason or another) a smile or a laugh shows a good, lively, human reaction. More than that, it does a service by blowing wide the dusty velvet curtains, freshening the incensed air, and carrying out the window the incantations and the anything-but-plain songs of the priests and choir-boys.



ASCENSION OF CHRIST, ALTAR FRONTAL

Catalan, Thirteenth or Fourteenth Century. Acquired this Year by the Worcester Art Museum. Described and Illustrated in the Museum Bulletin, Issue of Winter, 1934.



MURAL PAINTING IN AMERICA

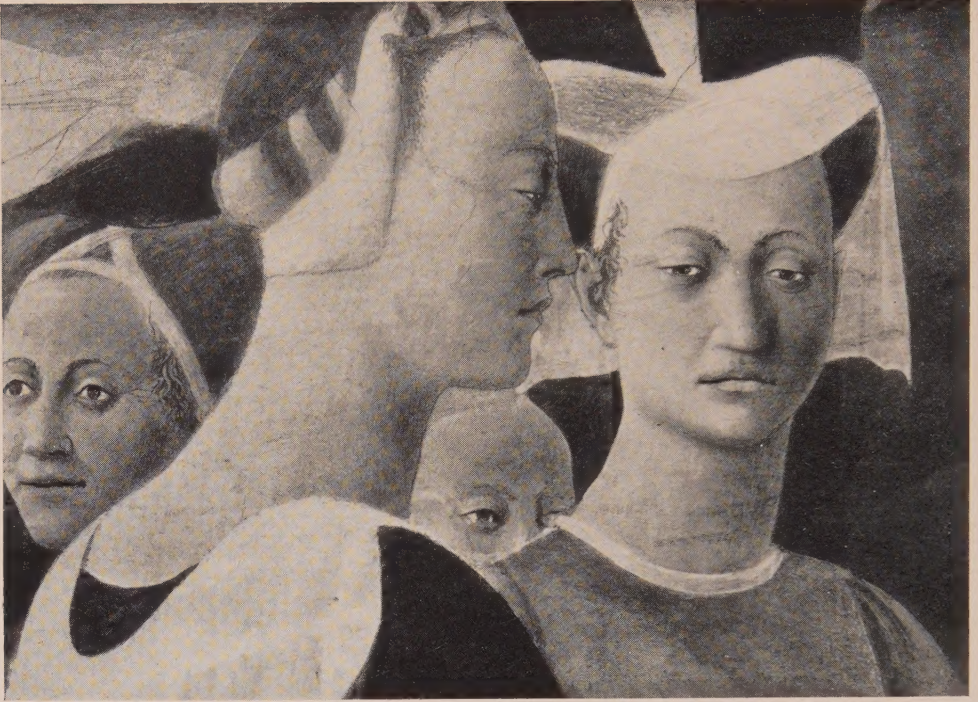
By GEORGE BIDDLE

WE are living through the most serious economic depression in American history, and history up to now would indicate that vital schools of national art have inevitably accompanied or followed periods of national and economic expansion. Such was the case in the great cultural expressions of Babylonian, Persian, Assyrian, and Chinese art. The culmination of Greek civilization followed the successful war with the Persians, opening up the Mediterranean ports to Greek commerce. Shakespeare died twenty-eight years after the destruction of the Spanish Armada; Rembrandt was born the same year as the liberation of the Netherlands, which made possible their consequent expansion as a maritime

power in Europe. Such historical analogies, which can be infinitely accumulated, would lead one to suppose that American art and artists are facing a long period of frustration. Are there any compensating conditions or elements which may warrant a more optimistic outlook?

It will be my purpose to analyze two or three great periods of national mural painting; and it is my belief, based on this analysis, that today in America the stage is set for a vital national renaissance of American art. I do not say that it will occur. But I believe that we have all the prerequisite conditions.

The last great period of mural art in Europe occurred at the culmination of medieval or Gothic culture. With it we associate such



PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA: RETINUE OF QUEEN SABA (DETAIL)
CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, AREZZO

names as Dante and Giotto and the west portal of Chartres Cathedral. At the close of the thirteenth century, religion was the core of life. It appealed with equal intensity to peasant, soldier, priest, or king. Its philosophic dogmas included every act and symbol of life. And the artist—painter, poet, sculptor—found himself at the very center of life and articulating in a language that had a profound and universal meaning.

A hundred and fifty years later came the culmination of another great Italian school of mural painting. Politically we find that the concept of a papal kingdom was shattered by the growing power of state nationalism. Religion, which was still universal, was accepted with a greater skepticism. Feudalism was slowly breaking up under the impact of a scientific revival and the growth of capitalism. With this period we associate the names of Piero della Francesca, Michelangelo, Leonardo, and Botticelli; and such city states as Florence, Siena, and Rome. Not the mother church, but the city republic or the city tyrant was the

patron of art. Peasant, soldier, priest, and king were no longer bound together in their religious belief. They were bound together in their identification with the state. But the artist was still at the center of life and talking in a medium that was understood by every stratum of society. It is unimportant that Leonardo or Michelangelo served many masters. In each case he glorified the symbol of state nationalism, with which every citizen identified himself.

Since the close of the sixteenth century the artist has become more and more divorced from the social life of his period, and this was to be expected. A philosophic and economic concept of life, which had been universally understood and which only needed the artist to give it expression, was entering upon a long period of readjustment. The artist might be in sympathy with one phase or with one social class of this adjustment. He could not be in sympathy with an entire and harmonious system. If he sympathized with the peasant he could no longer sympathize with the king. If



PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA: ROUT OF THE KING OF PERSIA (DETAIL)
CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, AREZZO

he believed in the gifts of science he could not swallow the entirety of church dogma. And so during this long period of growing pains and readjustment there is no great central theme which the artist can articulate; and he moves from the center of life to its periphery. From then on, very literally, the artist has lived in a state of prostitution. He is outside the social concept of life, often well paid, it is true, and sleeping in expensive beds, serving a necessary but an extra-legal function. During this period it is to be expected that mural art should slowly decline; and we find

a consequent development in the easel painting, the private collection, and the conception of the importance of individualism in artistic expression.

This conception is given its fullest expression in the romantic philosophy of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Chateaubriand. They preach the doctrine that society is vile and that to find truth and beauty we must flee from society to the chaos of nature and to the noble savage. From the point of view of modern psychology it is a perfect example of wish fulfilment. Is it not incredible that an artist,

PABLO O'HIGGINS: GLASSBLOWERS
SUBURBAN SCHOOL, MEXICO CITY

Photo by Manuel Alvarez Bravo; Courtesy Mexican Ministry of Education





Photo by Manuel Alvarez Bravo; Courtesy Mexican Ministry of Education

JULIO CASTELLANOS: DETAIL OF FRESCO
SCHOOL AT COYOACAN, MEXICO

who spends his life reducing chaos to aesthetic order and who conceives himself a prophet of civilization, should at the same time proclaim the vileness of society as such and the glorification of chaos and savagery? The tragic divorce of the artist from life is responsible for this wish fulfillment, which finds even more amazing illustrations through the course of the nineteenth century. The artist is spoken of as a "Bohemian"; that is, an outcast, and he proudly accepts the rôle. Again he becomes a "rebel" and proclaims his right to think, dress, and accept a different ethical code from the bourgeois. Gauguin, expressing in his art the whole sophistication of the post-impressionist aesthetics, must defy society and return to savagery to obtain an artistic release. It is equally significant that the small group of French painters, whose best-known figure is Matisse, first called themselves *les fauves*, the

wild beasts. This divorce of art from life reaches a climax of absurdity in the doctrine of the Dadaists. The artist must express himself in a language without meaning. The profoundest utterance of which art is capable is "da da da da"!

I should here like to postulate a definition of art, which will make more evident the significance in any culture of the relation of the artist to that particular society. Art, I take it, is a re-creation, or reaction to, or criticism of life, expressed in a given medium with a certain rhythm, pattern, or design. In the golden periods of civilization, where a culture was in full and harmonious flower, the artist, at the center of life and aware of no social expression or discord, had only to express that culture; and so Dante or Giotto or Chartres Cathedral can stand actually as a complete art symbol of their culture. Conversely at times of

cultural change or readjustment, the artist who is standing at the social periphery of life criticizes it or reacts to it as a rebel and outsider.

Now architecture is in its expression the most social and collective of all the arts. Even a private dwelling implies a great many social relations. And in an age of machinery and organized transportation a building is planned in its relation to the whole community. If the private dwelling is social and collective in its architectural expression, obviously the more so is the public building—the court house, community center, post office, railway terminal.

The function of mural painting is to enhance, expand, and interpret an architectural space, just as the function of formal design is to expand and decorate the meaning and shape of an utilitarian object. So by its very definition mural painting is the most social and collective form of the graphic arts. Consequently it will find its widest scope and fullest expression on the walls of a public rather than a private dwelling.

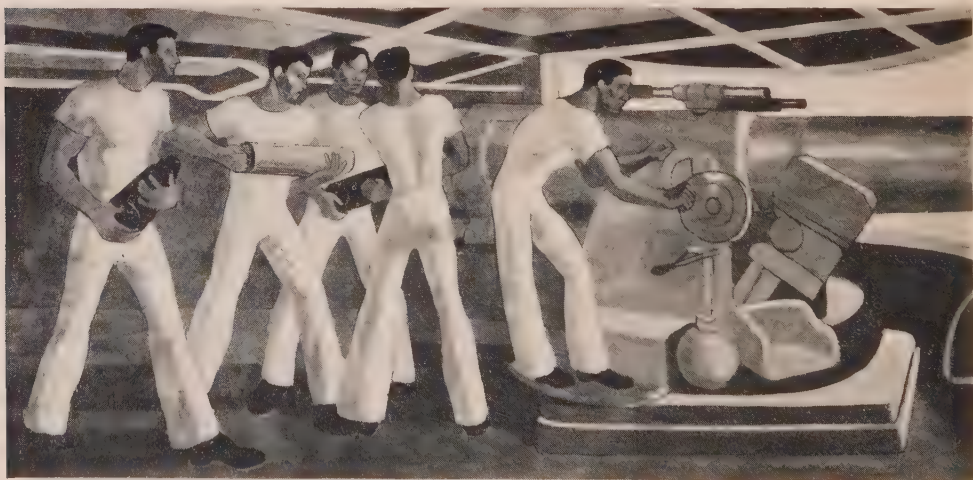
We see, then, that two prerequisites of a great mural art are a common faith or purpose which the artist may share with all the branches of society, and which will replace him as a functional part of society; and secondly the availability of public walls on which he can emotionally symbolize these social collective beliefs.

Let us examine the first important school of national mural painting since the Italian Renaissance.

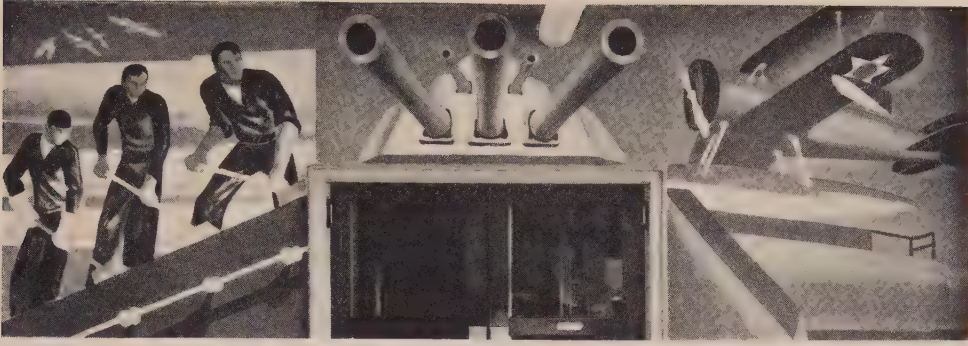
The Mexican revolution can be generally fixed from the flight of Diaz in 1910 to 1921. In the preceding period the peon was crushed and enslaved to allow the expansion of foreign capital and insure the land monopoly of the church and the wealthy *haciendados*. The philosophy of the revolution was a loosely defined agrarian communism. It divided up the land for the peon, curbed foreign capital, and broke up the monopolistic holdings of the great property owners. President Madero was an ideologist and reformer.

During the chaotic days of the revolution a great number of Mexican students and artists had been literally exiled. They had studied painting in France, Italy, and Spain; architecture at Columbia University; philosophy under Dewey or at the Sorbonne. When peace was more or less restored in 1921 they flocked back to Mexico, drenched with the philosophic ideology of the revolution and its accompanying nationalism. The Mexican intelligentsia were both socially minded and patriotic. The peon and the Indian background and Aztec culture became the theme of this ideology and nationalism.

Toward the latter part of 1921 José Vasconcelos became minister of education. Under his



DAN RHODES: MURAL IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT CAFETERIA, WASHINGTON
PUBLIC WORKS OF ART PROJECT



DAN RHODES: MURAL IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT CAFETERIA, WASHINGTON
PUBLIC WORKS OF ART PROJECT

dynamic and liberal leadership a number of these artists banded themselves into a "Syndicate of Technical Workers, Painters, and Sculptors." Among them were Orozco, Siqueiros, Rivera, Merida, Revueltas, Charlot, and Pacheco, a fourteen-year-old helper. The first contracts based on the measurements of the walls, an eight-hour day, and an average daily pay of eight pesos (four dollars) were given out toward the end of 1922. In March, 1923, Rivera had already completed his first mural in the auditorium of the National Preparatory School, where Orozco was also at work. Subsequently Rivera moved his scaffolding to the ministry of education. Jean Charlot and Siqueiros had selected mural spaces in the same building. Although the Syndicate enjoyed a complete freedom of expression and the courageous backing of Vasconcelos, it was savagely attacked by the more conservative members of the moribund "Academia." Letters of protest poured into the ministry. The press took up the hue and cry. Many of the frescoes were scratched and mutilated. Such was the pressure against a liberal expression of art that Orozco lost his contract. Three months later a change of presidency brought a change of cabinet with it. Vasconcelos retired from the Ministry of Education and was succeeded by a complacent nonentity. Of the entire Syndicate only Rivera and a certain Roberto Montenegro were then recommissioned. Siqueiros' beautiful mural still remains uncompleted. Orozco left the capital for Guadalajara. This great burst of national mural art which had taken place in less than a year was apparently

ended. Yet ten years later thousands of American students traveled every summer to the capital to study these paintings; books had been written about them in many languages; their influence had spread to Europe and the East; and today twenty government buildings in Mexico are being frescoed by young painters in the same tradition of social purpose and technical freedom of expression.

Now, I purposely dwell on certain subjects of this movement which are peculiarly relevant to us.

From a superficial survey of history it is noticed that every great period of art accompanied or closely followed a period of national and economic prosperity. It is true that history repeats itself, but history is also subject to new solutions depending upon new conditions, or it would otherwise remain fixed and stagnant. And it is here seen that a country can have a great art revival although its treasury is empty and it is without the aid of private art patrons.

We have all listened to the whispering campaign that such an art movement was possible in Mexico because it was based on a national tradition of Indian folk art and because it enjoyed a Latin tradition of intellectual tolerance and artistic sophistication which does not exist in America. Yet upon a closer examination of the facts we see first that the movement did not spring from the Indian folk art tradition, but was intellectually imposed on that tradition by a very small group of young painters who had even received their artistic education outside of Mexico; and secondly that it was not accepted in an atmosphere of



HOWARD COOK: FRESCO (SKETCH), COURTHOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLIC WORKS OF ART PROJECT

intellectual tolerance and sympathy but was bitterly opposed, criticized, and ridiculed.

What made this very vital expression of mural art possible was first a profound social ideology or faith accompanying the economic adjustment through which the nation was passing; secondly, a small group of artists sharing

this faith, two or three of whom turned out to possess a very unusual talent for mural painting; and lastly, one intelligent and liberal minded government official who commissioned this group of artists to work for a period of a year, unhampered by the usual red tape and censorship.



HOWARD COOK: FRESCO (SKETCH), COURTHOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
PUBLIC WORKS OF ART PROJECT

Surely no one can doubt that not only America, but our entire Western economic and cultural civilization is passing through the throes of a serious readjustment. No one knows just what new form this upheaval will create. But we all are convinced that it cannot go back to the old order of things. As

we are studying economic theories so we are weighing and recasting our former concepts of individual and social values. We are not bound together by a universal religious faith, but we have a deep and underlying conviction that life in America has not so much beauty and happiness as it could have, and that



GUY PÈNE DU BOIS: MURALS IN THE JUMBLE SHOP, NEW YORK CITY



yet here in America we have all the material to make life good and beautiful. That, I believe, is a universal creed which would find a response from every American.

The recently created Advisory Committee to the Treasury of Fine Arts is as intelligent and liberal minded a body as could well be selected. Every American artist should feel that his welfare is in pretty safe keeping in the hands of Frederic Delano, Rexford G. Tugwell, Henry T. Hunt, Harry L. Hopkins, and Edward Bruce. It goes, I think, to the essence of the matter that such a Committee is possible under the present administration. And it is most certainly true that a few people, very close to the administration, were cognizant of and actively interested in its formation.

On November twenty-ninth, L. W. Robert, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, released the following statement:

"Provision for the encouragement of the fine arts has always been recognized as one of the functions of the Federal Government, and it is obvious that such provisions should be

enlarged in time of depression. The work of artists and craftsmen greatly aids everyone by preserving and increasing our capacity for enjoyment, and is particularly valuable in times of stress. . . . We consider it a great pleasure to encourage this movement, and hope that it will promote the appreciation of art in our country. . . . We plan to find opportunities for this work in the embellishment of Federal Buildings with murals, sculpture, and craftsmanship, in similar work on state and municipal buildings financed by the Federal Government, and in other directions where the opportunity develops. . . . We realize that the encouragement of art is a vital factor in our civilization."

That, I think, tells the story. Such a statement from the government would have been inconceivable under a previous administration. Well, then, the stage is set. There is a social faith which we all share; there are courageous and intelligent men who, in the realm of art, too, are in the saddle. And personally I believe that there is plenty of young creative talent in America.



GEORGE BIDDLE: MURAL IN THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, CHICAGO FAIR
INSERTED BY THE EDITOR

A LIVING ROSE WINDOW

By ADÉLAÏDE DE BÉTHUNE

I WONDER whether you have ever noticed a curious phenomenon which takes place in the great West Rose Window in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Look at the sixteen angels of prayer and praise who surround Jesus Christ in glory. They will appear to you to be moving in a shimmering white and yellow radiance against the blue field. Then take binoculars and you will discover, to your great surprise, that the angels are actually pure yellow on blue. You needn't at all blame your eyesight, for it seems to be a fact that yellow and blue glass produce just such an illusion at a distance.

Of course, this sounds like a trifling peculiarity; still it serves to show how difficult an art that of colored light is, for it demands of the designer a thorough mastery of these very peculiarities.

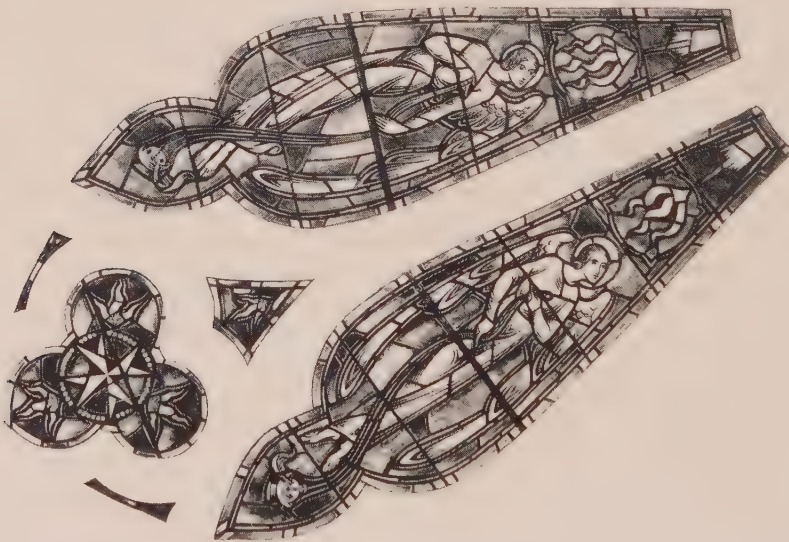
"Well," you will say, "every artist has the same problem. After all, it is up to him to know the business of his medium." And you are perfectly right in saying so; however, you must remember that since the poor art of stained glass has been vegetating in the most

abject degeneracy through the dark ages of the last five centuries, all knowledge about it has been carefully lost and all laws have been gladly forgotten.

What, then, is the law-loving artist, the seeker for knowledge, to do? He has no elder to teach him, no tradition to continue. Eagerly he questions the only available examples, but many miles lie between him and the marvels yonder in Chartres.

He must search, experiment, invent, create, at a terrific rate of speed. An impossible task, it seems, and yet a task which has now found completion in this miraculous new rose window.

Now we have a precedent. Now tradition is started. Now I, for instance, who want to learn, have a precious textbook. I can go, at any time, to visit my friend the great rose window and put to it all the questions I wish to ask. It gives me great visions for the future. I can imagine a time when our present knowledge (or rather ignorance) of color will appear like the ancient Greeks' knowledge of polyphony. It will be an age of glorious color



ANGELS OF PRAYER, DETAIL OF THE ROSE WINDOW, ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY CHARLES J. CONNICK

symphonies, based on solid counterpoint, full of subtle modulations, of vibrant chords.

Perhaps the time is very near at hand. Let us quickly gather our scant knowledge and classify it in as orderly a manner as we can. Let us try to discover the workings of color and to formulate laws for a simple color language. Perhaps we can prepare the way for a mighty Beethoven to come.

The first help in our problem lies, I believe, in the study of light, the fountainhead of all color—and, as such, the basis for every color art—in particular for the art of pure spectrum colors: glass.

In the special case of glass, moreover, light is of even greater importance, for it is, in itself, one of the actual factors of the design, and, what is worse (or better for our discipline), it is not only a factor over which the designer has no control whatsoever, but it is one that changes all the time in a million whimsical and unexpected ways.

What can the designer do under such circumstances? He must put his main concern in inventing a plan that will render his window sensitive to any exterior light it may receive. Then, from morn till noon and eve, there will always be at least some part of it to respond, and it need not matter whether the day be

bright and sunny or dark and gloomy. In such a way, that which looks like a frightful handicap to the designer becomes really a tremendous opportunity for increasing the beauty of the window.

All this has led me to wondering: Just what is it that makes a window sensitive to varied amounts of light?

After many questioning visits to St. John's rose, I have come to believe that the answer lies in basing the design upon a system of luminosity: dark areas contrasted against lighter ones and light areas in turn against dark ones (with, of course, a whole scale of in-between values). When the exterior light changes, something happens to these dark and light values; their whole system of relationships changes as well, making thus quite another design. And it is up to the designer to plan a system which will be as good in one instance as in another.

A well-considered luminosity plan, however, is only the beginning of the game. A window will truly be sensitive and change altogether under different lighting when it is based upon a color system involving a distinct composition for each individual color, each composition entire in itself and yet at the same time fitting in snugly with its neighbors to complete a



ANGELS OF PRAISE, DETAIL OF THE ROSE WINDOW, ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY CHARLES J. CONNICK

definite scheme. This is coming to counterpoint.

Thus if the sun be shining very brightly, the red will kill everything else. If the red composition be in itself a good one, so much the better; there will be still something interesting. If there be no sun, then the blue will get the upper hand. If the blue composition be very fine, so much the better; the window will still make a fine design. If there be hardly any light left, all the colors will disappear but the white; and if the white make a solid, thoughtful composition, nothing will be lost, even though it might be very late in the evening or early at dawn.

At any rate, a good, stiff contrapuntal window will never, under any circumstances, be dull, and it won't need the sweet excuses, "Of course, this is a poor day to see the windows. You should really come around some time when the sun shines through them. Then they really show up."

Besides the simultaneousness of the various color compositions within the complete scheme, there is the simultaneousness of various moods. This, however, no amount of knowledge can explain. It creates emotions and thoughts that transcend mere science. Are they due chiefly to the colors, the design, or the light? I do not know. There is but one example with which I ever experienced such feeling; it is again the great rose window in St. John's Cathedral.

When I look at it, this is what happens:

First I feel "allegro maestoso." "The Heavens are telling the glory of God." There is Our Lord enthroned and there are the radiating angels, and the four solid evangelists, and the four just as solid responding prophets: a crown of eight gems, braided of old and new for Christ the King, reigning in glory.

Then something happens. Perhaps I spy the dove on Our Lord's breast, and all at once I am taken up by the strongest "adagio sostenuto." Our Lord's hands pleadingly ask for our gift to Him, the Saviour full of mercy; and the angels' silent adoration fills the entire universe, while the evangelists appear in all their gentleness and the old prophets in their deep meditation. "Oh, Komm süßer Tod."

Why is it that the same Christ in glory is one minute "allegro" and the next minute "andante" and then "vivace" and "largo"? And that the rest of the window answers in exactly the same way? Even the little stars around the outer edge are now "allegretto," now "lento."

Yet nothing has changed up in the glass. Perhaps the light did; mostly, however, things changed only within me. But the moods are all the time latent and simultaneous up in the glass for the beholder to discover and feel, one at a time.

As there was counterpoint of luminosity and then counterpoint of color, so there is also another counterpoint: that of mood.

What a great polyphonic rose! How fondly old Master Bach himself would have made such a one on his beloved organ!



CHRIST IN GLORY
THE HEART
OF THE ROSE

BY CHARLES J.
CONNICK
ST. JOHN THE DIVINE



HENRY LEE McFEE: FRUIT WITH AUTUMN LEAVES
COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. LESLEY GREEN SHAEFER

HENRY LEE McFEE

By ERNEST BRACE

ORDERED growth." The phrase is McFee's, and the two words sum up an attitude clearly expressed both by his work and by his personality. Neither in his thinking nor in his painting does one find any suggestion of the adventitious, of any blind groping for accidental achievement. Those who go to painting for the quick, brilliant expression of a mood or an emotion will, at first glance, find McFee's pictures quiet and methodical. But his pictures are never to be seen at a glance. To reach a full appreciation of their form and of their subtle, completely controlled emotional structure, one must learn to perceive their ordered growth.

And as each of McFee's canvases is in itself a carefully planned development of a par-

ticular premise, so his entire life as an artist has been an intensely aware evolution and ramification of his original, simple desire to paint. A portrait of an aunt of his, painted in 1908, shows him to have been then a skillful art student, accepting without question the calcified tradition of the day. There is nothing very wrong with the picture and nothing impressively right. It proves merely that he possessed the technical skill to sink comfortably into the polite oblivion of the academic. But his restless, questioning mind would not allow him such ease. A few years later, his friendship with Andrew Dasburg, then fresh from France, brought him into the enthusiastic contact with the ideas and theories of the post-impressionists. For a time he was com-



HENRY LEE McFEE: BUILDINGS WITH WATER TANK
ANN ARBOR MUSEUM, MICHIGAN

pletely absorbed by the problems of abstract painting, the breaking up of recognizable forms into ordered rhythm. And like all of his restless contemporaries, he was profoundly stirred by the aesthetic theories and the tireless searching epitomized in the name Cézanne. In short, his growth has been nourished by all the influences that any sentient painter of his genera-

tion has felt. But the essence, the flavor, of his work is quite personal. It is ordered by a keen mind that is always seeking the essential in whatever problem it may consider, always straining to get behind and beyond the fortuitous, believing through experience that inspiration is acquired and never passively received.

McFee likes to think of himself as a worker



Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries

HENRY LEE McFEE: NUDE

doing a job. That his job differs from that, say, of the carpenter, is due to an infinite multiplication of complexities and implications, yet it is, essentially, a job. A painting, he feels, must be built as patiently, as carefully, and with as much structural integrity as a conscientious carpenter would put into the building of a house. If the component parts of a canvas are not essential parts of the whole, if the picture appears substantial only to the uncritical eye of one searching for pleasing effects, then it is a bad job, a jerry-built house. As a worker, he is painstaking, one upon whose complete integrity you may depend. His imagination is controlled, bounded by his ever critical eyes and his skillful hands.

Some ten years ago McFee said of his aims: "I am endeavoring, by analysis, to find the essential planes by right placing of color and line, and by such just relation of shape to shape, that the canvas will be, when completed, not a representation of many objects interesting in themselves, but a plastic unit expressive of my understanding of the form-life of a collection of objects." He has not deviated since from that avowed purpose. In his studio, showing his canvases, he points out with his quick

hands how he has endeavored to order the growth of his pictures into plastic units. He follows the design, the forms, and tells precisely what he has tried to do, how he has related shape to shape, and how he has conceived the functions of interdependent forms.

Undoubtedly, because of his preoccupation with form and the subtle problem of the relationship of form to form, and because of the greater freedom inanimate objects allow him in arrangement, his still-lives and interiors are often outstanding among his pictures. Lushly painted and rich in color, as his work invariably is, they achieve a completeness of expression, a pervading sense of fluency, that lifts them far above the average still-life and gives to the objects, however banal they may seem in themselves, a "form-life" that is exciting and that stirs the imagination.

It was in 1908 that McFee came to Woodstock to study landscape painting under Birge Harrison. Since then, for the most part, he has lived in Woodstock, quietly, comfortably, quite absorbed in the working out of the problems he has imposed upon himself. Like all his work, McFee's landscape painting has developed, through the mazes of modern aes-

thetic theory, to a personal and highly developed aspiration. Fortunately, all his theories leave room for this intangible quality of aspiration. They are never static, never answers to the problems of art; rather they are working hypotheses—clear, considered statements of his problem. His landscapes are never emotional facets, never impressions. Their emotional quality—and they have that always—lies not in nostalgia for remembered loveliness, not in the obvious excitement of light and shadows across fields or on distant hillsides, but in the relationship of form to form, color to color, in the completeness and the rightness of the canvas as a whole, the thing which we must, for want of a more comprehensive word, call design. If occasionally the problem seems to obscure the picture, more often his landscapes offer the deep satisfaction that can come only from his unyielding determination to face his problems and never to dismiss them with the technical facility which is at his command.

McFee brings to his figure painting the same thoroughness, the same patiently objective consideration, that distinguishes all his work. From Virginia, where he has lately been spending his winters, he had brought back some remarkably fine portraits of Negroes. One in particular, the head of a girl, is as complete and as lovely a picture as he has ever painted. It is a comparatively small canvas. The girl is seated in a high-backed chair, her face turned not quite fully toward the observer. On her head she wears a cerise hat surmounted by a spray of flowers. There is no faint suggestion of burlesque or of caricature in the picture, no effort to emphasize the obvious. The girl sits serenely in the chair, quiet, dignified, a little uncomprehending, perhaps, of what is going on, but not overpowering the picture with her presence. In short, one looks at the picture, not at a type or a social problem. The curves of her hat brim, of the chair back, and of her white collar function as rhythmically and as naturally as one's breathing. The artist's continual questioning as to how best he may arrange his material in order to give it its greatest significance, is answered in this picture so simply and with such profound satisfaction that the problem ceases to exist.

McFee's painting is saved from the philo-

sophical dryness that might logically result from his absorbing interest in theory by his vividly sensuous feeling for paint and for abstract form. When he speaks of these things, his words falter, and he must show you with gesture what he feels, and not merely what he thinks. "Nature," he explains, "is the female and the painter is the male." And only passionate love can give their union vitality and meaning. His love of nature keeps him, for the most part, in the country. The excitement of cities seems to have little or nothing to offer him. His landscapes, his still-lives, his figures, all have in them the suggestion of quiet seclusion. The problems with which he is preoccupied are those of abstract aesthetic theory, and the more immediate and practical questions that harry so many of his contemporaries seem hardly to touch him. No doubts of the traditional validity of painting drive him to a search for new subject-matter. He feels no need to attempt, through interpretation of the mechanical and practical aspirations of his time, the establishment of such a relationship between painting and contemporary civilization as existed during the Renaissance. He is too completely preoccupied with nature and with the "form-life" that nature suggests and inspires.

McFee very directly follows the Cézanne tradition. I do not mean that he either copies or imitates Cézanne, but he does very definitely attempt to carry on and to develop further the premises that Cézanne set forth. "I have not realized," Cézanne once said, "I shall always remain the primitive of the way I have opened." It is the "way" Cézanne opened that McFee is following, not slavishly or blindly, but with intelligence and with a thorough understanding of the direction he has taken.

The way into a McFee picture is not an obvious, well-trodden path. To perceive fully its beauty and the loveliness of its contours, one must forget the simple, bucolic pleasures of mere surface painting. His pictures are deep, often complex, and never quick, strong-arm impressions of an unexplored mood. While beautiful in color and technically brilliant, their emphasis is always upon form. They have in them the carefully planned grace and the completed thought of a successful sonnet.



HENRY LEE McFEE: NEGRO GIRL
WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART



HENRY LEE McFEE: GREEN FRUIT
CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS



Frank K. M. Rehn Galleries

HENRY LEE McFEE: CORNER OF THE STUDIO



HENRY LEE McFEE: JAPANESE WRESTLER
SPRINGFIELD MUSEUM, MASSACHUSETTS



THE FREER GALLERY, WASHINGTON
CHARLES A. PLATT, ARCHITECT

CHARLES A. PLATT

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ

ONE day in Cleveland I looked at the Hanna Building designed by my friend Charles A. Platt. I looked at it with intense admiration, for a tall commercial structure in this country never had a lordlier grace, a more beautiful refinement. It brought back to me all of Platt's traditionalism, his feeling for Renaissance distinction of line, his restraint in the matter of decorative expedients. I fell into revery on his purely artistic traits. In the midst of them I turned to the adjacent Hanna Theatre, also Platt's work. It was in the morning, but the lights were turned on for me, and I explored the house from cellar to garret. The atmosphere of the artist still held, but presently I had a new consciousness. When I sat in the last row of the gallery I could see the stage as well as from the orchestra, and on asking a functionary to speak up on the stage, I found that I could hear as well. It was like Platt, to solve his problem from within out-

wards. He told me once that he was "at bottom a practical man." That was what made him a great artist, that and his passion for beauty.

Twenty years ago he made me acquainted with the salient facts in his life. They began with his birth in New York, on October sixteenth in 1861, the son of a successful lawyer. His mother was one of the Cheneys of Manchester, of silk-producing fame. He was educated in New York, and in his youth disclosed the artistic predilections which were soon to govern him altogether. He entered the school of the National Academy of Design and later frequented the Art Students' League. There were architectural premonitions, so to say, at this stage of his career. He used to make paper imitations of objects, and houses were conspicuous among them. But for the moment, what he chiefly cared to do was to paint and to etch. He had the good luck, so far as the



THE JOHN T. PRATT HOUSE, GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND
CHARLES A. PLATT, ARCHITECT

latter art was concerned, to fall into the hands of that brilliant etcher, Stephen Parrish, and by 1881, when he was only twenty, he had produced in his "Gloucester Harbor" a highly creditable plate. A year later he was in Paris, studying at Julien's under Boulanger and Le-feuvre. He wandered about, seeing much of Holland especially, where he struck up a friendship with Jakob Maris, met in a field where they were both painting. On his return to New York in 1887 he rapidly won recognition. The Society of American Artists was then in the heyday of its secession from the Academy. Platt was promptly made a member. The first time I ever saw him was at a *vernissage* at the Society, giving last touches to a landscape. It was a beautiful picture, partly because it was well painted, and I note the point with peculiar emphasis, because that was, from the outset, so characteristic of Platt.

I have known all the phases of his work for many years, and I have always been struck by the technical proficiency it has revealed. I remember an afternoon when we overhauled an endless succession of early paintings of his, many of them casual studies. Casual though the latter were, they bore unmistakably the stamp of an artist who knew his trade. I had never known of his having had any dealings with the figure until, in the spring of 1933, making an exhibition at the Century Club, he

included "The Etcher," an interior with a figure in blue, painted in Paris back in 1885. It showed what his French training had done for him in matters of composition, illumination, and color, above all in the matter of drawing. He was but twenty-four when he did the thing, but it was authoritative and sound in the mint and cummin of craftsmanship. So it was, early and late, in his painting. So it was in his etching. I know his plates well, having repeatedly studied them, and especially when they have been shown in generous numbers at the Grolier Club and the New York Public Library. Nothing about them has impressed me more than the firm but supple line in them and the workmanlike design. Moreover, this technical certitude of his was ever the vehicle for the expression of sensitive, lovely ideas of landscape.

He exercised the brush and the needle, occasionally, down to the time of his death at his New Hampshire home last summer. But the reader will recall my allusion to "architectural premonitions" and Platt's own characterization of himself as "at bottom a practical man." In another confidence he told me that at the École, painting with all his might, he was talking with the architects amongst his young companions, apprehending and studying architecture "from the point of view of the artist." While he was still working with the



THE CHAPEL, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS
CHARLES A. PLATT, ARCHITECT



CHARLES A. PLATT: WINTER LANDSCAPE

CHARLES A. PLATT: NEW HAMPSHIRE



brush he and his brother went to Italy to explore the gardens there. They photographed and drew them, and thoroughly mastered the subject. Platt mastered it in dual fashion. He appreciated the beauty spread before him in the poet's *silenzio verde*. He appreciated also the practical issues involved. No one knew better than he the romantic glamour of places like the Villa D'Este or the Villa Lante, but when he published his pioneering *Italian Gardens*, in 1894, he made it plain therein that, for him, the true formal garden was an affair of balanced design, of thoughtful building, of the right adjustment of the garden to the site. The period embraced the turning point of his career. In the midst of writing about gardens and houses he took to building them, and thenceforth his destiny was fixed. He remained an architect to the end of his days—an architect who was an artist.

The high repute which he soon won as such was primarily gained through his designs for country houses, enveloped in the charm of the gardens. He made them examples of dignity and grace. I recall that in our discussions of the subject Platt used to smile at "the picturesque." His own taste was for symmetry and a classical reserve harking back to Italian

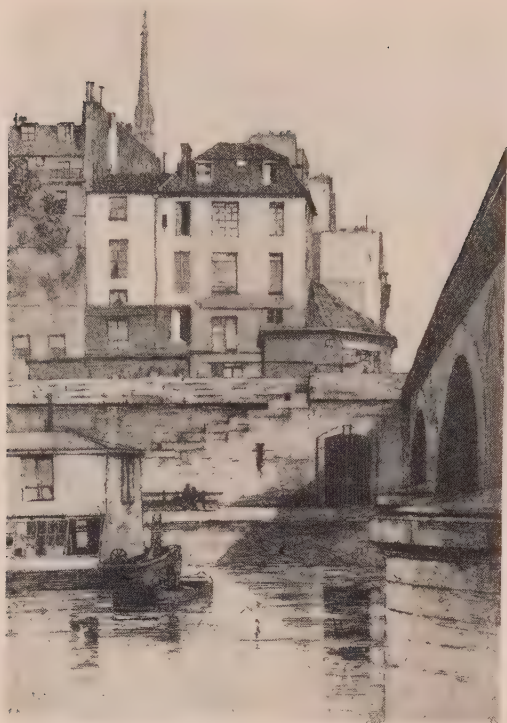
precedent. He liked an orderly distribution of his rooms. He was particular about preserving a perfect equilibrium in his fenestration, and indeed we have never had anybody to beat him in the handling of architectural accents, in the designing and placing of a porch, a veranda, a dormer, or a cornice. And how sparing he was of decoration! I once expressed wonderment as to whether he did not feel positively ill at ease when necessity, the everlasting nature of things, drove him to a decorative touch, and writing today, with a backward glance over all his work, I feel the same wonderment again. An instinct for a fine simplicity was at the very core of his art. Yet it did not interfere with his love of precious things, such as rugs, furniture, pictures, tapestries, and so on, nor did it stay his hand from striking a sumptuous note when it was called for in the organization of a luxurious interior. There, too, with impeccable judgment, with delicate restraint, he served his ideal of beauty.

I am talking, obviously, about a many-sided man, and one of the things that enable me to talk with fervor is the really remarkable manner in which he made a diversity of artistic adventures uniformly fruitful. He could pass from one of his enchanting country houses to

LOWELL MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, NEW YORK
DESIGNED BY CHARLES A. PLATT



CHARLES A. PLATT:
ST. GERVAIS, PARIS



CHARLES A. PLATT:
THE MOUNTAIN

the *magistrale* designing of a monumental edifice like the Freer Gallery in Washington. The same genius that could weave a spell out of the elements that go to the making of a garden could marshal in stately serenity the academic buildings at Andover. In a measure this resourcefulness of his flowed from a mind rich in reading, from a temperament abundantly fertilized by experience in travel and contact with tradition. I remember his telling me of his preparations for making the drawings for that National Gallery in the grand style which has still to be realized at Washington. Before he put pencil to paper he ransacked Europe for the ideas bearing upon lighting, means of public circulation, ventilation, and what not, which have been embodied in the museums abroad. He was a profound and scrupulously careful student. But all that research of his, useful as it was, would have gone for naught if it had not been backed by a central creative power.

Platt stands among the foremost architects of his time because he had something to say. What was it? Nothing recondite or obscure, nothing arbitrarily idiosyncratic, nothing mannered. What he had to say consisted simply of a conception of beauty expressed in terms

fitted to the needs of his own epoch, of beauty in landscape masterfully painted or etched, of beauty in buildings exquisitely refined in line and mass. He was faithful to tradition. He felt in his soul the nobility of the classic idiom, but that idiom as he employed it came forth in what, to change the figure, I may call a very personal investiture, clothed in a distinctive style. In his later years he used, for fun, to adopt a design by Claude or Pannini and turn it into a decoration. As he did so the painting took on a tincture that was his own, a quality that had in it Platt's elegance, *his* grace, *his* elevation. He was President of the American Academy in Rome when he died and an inexorable upholder of the austere principles on which the late Charles F. McKim founded that institution. There was, indeed, a hint of austerity about Platt himself, both in the man and in the artist. But it was tempered by influences which likewise sprang from his nature, influences blithe and gentle, influences of imagination and feeling. His was a rare individuality. He had all the traits of a commanding, constructive artist, and through them there ran the golden strain of consummate taste. He leaves a memorable mark upon the art of his country.



THE FRANZ MARC ROOM, NATIONAL GALLERY OF BERLIN

FIELD NOTES

THUNDER ON THE RIGHT

THE *Los Angeles Times* published a story on May twenty-seventh written by Arthur Millier, art critic (who had an article in our May issue), from facts and documents apparently supplied by Hugo Ballin, A.N.A., Huntington Palisades, California. The story was a smash from the newspaper man's point of view and got headlines across the front of the second section of the Sunday paper and even brushed to one side the formidable graphic array of movie stars—an accomplishment anywhere, but a miracle, we should say, in Los Angeles.

The principals in the story are Hugo Ballin, who perpetrated something of a hoax, the National Academy of Design, and Edward Alden Jewell, art editor of the *New York Times* (who had an article in our March, 1932, issue).

Wrote Mr. Millier: "By the simple trick of exhibiting two pictures in the recent spring exhibit of the National Academy, one a serious portrait signed with his own name and the other a facetiously painted picture in the currently popular vein of 'social comment,' and signed with the fictitious name of 'A. Gamio,' Ballin got his real work roundly condemned and his hoax picture singled out as one of the 'high spots' of the exhibit by Jewell, who reproduced the 'Gamio' painting in the *New York Times*, the only figure picture from the huge exhibit so honored.

"After which the 'illiterate genius' Gamio wrote a request for advice to the critic and got an equally touching reply. . . ."

Apparently Mr. Jewell adversely criticized some of Mr. Ballin's murals not long ago, stigmatizing him as one of a number of superannuated muralists long out of the running. To this Mr. Ballin replied in a letter which was never published. He is far from old and still actively engaged in the pursuit of his art.

One afternoon Mr. Ballin painted his hoax, "Mrs. Katz of Venice, Cal.," an imaginary portrait of a type he had seen on Venice Pier. "She is ugly, aging, and wears blue slacks and spectacles. She has just been reading a 'Romantic Love Secrets Magazine' and sits idly dreaming of love. He signed the painting 'A. Gamio' and first sent it to the Los Angeles County Fair art exhibition, where the jury accepted it.

"When the Spring Academy show came

last March, Ballin sent his portrait of Dolores del Rio, which as an associate of the Academy he was entitled to exhibit jury free. He also sent 'Mrs. Katz of Venice, Cal.,' under the name of Gamio. The picture passed the jury and was hung. . . ."

In his review of the show Mr. Jewell pointed out the hoax as one of the few, in his opinion, that "contributed to progress." In commenting on the picture Mr. Jewell wrote: "Another most entertaining human document called 'Mrs. Katz of Venice, Cal.,' by A. Gamio . . . which contrives an almost miraculous pair of glasses and, all in all, deserves a more distinguished position than that afforded by its obscure and lofty corner."

At the end of the same paragraph appeared this sentence: "Vulgarity such as Hugo Ballin's 'Dolores del Rio' had best be forgotten as quickly as possible."

After seeing the *New York Times*, Mr. Ballin wrote to Mr. Jewell the following letter, penned awkwardly on lined paper:

"Dear Sir:

"I was much pleased when friends they told me of my painting Mrs. Katz of Venice, Cal., and that they used picture in Sunday paper and that great critic he like my work. My friend Mr. Ballin he told me to send and now I am very glad and much joy it bring my mama for Easter and me. Perhaps when you are not too busy you write me what I should paint next more like Mrs. Katz of Venice or inside home life.

"I thank you very much. Truly always
(signed) ANTONIO GAMIO."

Mr. Jewell replied as follows to the Gamio letter:

"I was delighted to receive your letter of March 25. The 'Mrs. Katz' is delightful. With regard to future work, I don't think I ought to offer any suggestions except to say that you should paint what most appeals to you as subject matter, and in your own manner. I shall look forward to encountering work from your brush and take this occasion to wish you continued success."

"It was signed Edward Alden Jewell, art editor," Mr. Millier continued.

"Whereupon Ballin sent all the information to his friends in the National Academy of Design, suggesting that they publish the story as a good joke.

"The Academy, however, recalling the critic's frequent strictures of its exhibits, called a meeting of its publicity committee and decided not to publish the matter. For, said the letter sent to Ballin, 'the members of the committee

were delighted with the story, but felt that in ridiculing Mr. Jewell we might be opening up a rather delicate channel for him to strike back at the Academy.’”

Judging from newspaper reproductions of both pictures one is led to draw the conclusion that social comments only become popular when directed at the unfortunate and tawdry, but not when directed at the posed and artificial “smartness” of a Hollywood idol. Both pictures have certain resemblances in treatment and both reveal social comment of a witty nature to be Mr. Ballin’s forte when painting at the easel.

Mr. Ballin “personally produced a number of silent motion pictures, among them ‘Jane Eyre’ and ‘East Lynne.’”

We are greatly indebted to the artist for sending us the story and are inclined to think that he is the hero of the little drama.

CARNEGIE TECH RECOGNIZES THE MACHINE

THE Carnegie Institute of Technology, recognizing the need in present-day society for artists trained to regard “the machine” as a tool capable of imparting beauty of form to useful objects, is introducing a course in industrial design in its Department of Painting and Design, according to a statement just received.

The artist-designer represents a conscious attempt on the part of society to digest the machine and its products. The public response to such far-sighted manufacturing policies as have employed the services of designers equipped with a training in the arts has definitely established the industrial designer’s place in modern life.

The traditional view of the artist as a handicraftsman is gradually breaking down before a view of the artist as an intelligent coördinator of means and materials. As painter he creates and coördinates form within the limitations of pigment, brush and canvas; as designer he must evolve his forms out of the tremendous technical resources of modern industry.

The development and training of artistic concepts will be the principal concern of the student for the first two years of his course, the statement continues. In the next two his attention will be concentrated upon the nature of industrial processes and the means whereby they may be used to achieve æsthetically satisfying appearance as an integral part of the finished product. An attempt will be made to develop a “feeling for the machine” and for

its materials and a sense of the economic and social factors which condition its use.

THE LOCAL ARTIST AT THE SEATTLE MUSEUM

SINCE its opening the Seattle Art Museum has done much for local artists in contrast to San Francisco’s Legion of Honor Palace which has recently established a rule ending local one-man shows, according to a statement received from the Seattle Museum. Seattle has maintained monthly exhibitions by local artists, a policy it plans to continue. The importance of the public keeping in contact with artists’ development is of evident importance. By having each month a local painter’s work to see, the layman, over a period of time, gains a comprehensive idea of what the leading painters of his region are doing. Again, it acts as a fair means of evaluation between the various artists, for no discrimination has been made in these shows in favor of either conservative or radical. The shows, since the opening of the Museum nearly a year ago, have ranged from the conservative paintings of Eustace Ziegler to the abstractions of Peter Camfferman. To the artist the Museum has provided a regular exhibition place and thus a stimulus; to students it is an incentive toward which to work. Acceptance does not depend on previous “recognition”; the merits of the work alone are taken into consideration.

AFRICAN AND OCEANIC ART SHOWN AT THE FOGG MUSEUM

THE exhibition of African and Oceanic art which the Fogg Museum recently presented with the coöperation of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, brought an artistic experience far deeper than the mere presence of exotic by-products of savagery, according to Frederick R. Pleasants of the Fogg. It presents a manifestation of art which can materially enrich our appreciation of all forms of art and our understanding of the varieties of human adaptation to the physical and spiritual problems of existence.

But in judging the art of any primitive group, certain general characteristics must be borne in mind. The exact style of the art depends upon the usable materials which the tribe has at hand. Again, since the structure of any primitive group rests on unity and slow growth, its art development is usually so slow that the initial result of working certain materials with certain tools has a lasting effect on the art character. In the case of Africa and



LIBERIAN CULT MASK IN WOOD

In the Exhibition at the Fogg Museum

Oceania the traditional material is wood, so that the sculpture exhibits the characteristics of wood-thinking people who have acquired a mastery over their medium, permitting expression to the limit of their spiritual needs.

The moving spirit is, however, difficult to grasp. The conditions of life have developed in primitive man a set of human reactions and adjustments so alien to our intellectual solutions that we can never completely understand them. His art is also so much the outgrowth of the traditional imaginative system of the group that we find its determining factors far removed from our own.

In Oceania and Africa, sculpture serves mainly for the representation of native gods or ancestral spirits, who are thought of as forces for good or evil in the tribal life. There is no incentive to represent these gods in terms of exterior reality as we know it, for primitive man tends to think of matter as something which can conceivably change its nature in almost any particular, and in ways that originate in the most accidental associative processes.

That persistent concern with the exterior characteristics of nature which has governed later European art does not interest the savage. It is the idea, such as he envisions it, that is of dominating importance. Artistically, this quality of the inner idea is far removed from that of Greek sculptors like Polycleitus and Lyssipus, but is nearer to the spirit of the Chinese Hsieh Ho, to whom inner quality

and rhythmic vitality were a necessity for any worthy art. The obvious exaggeration and distortion, which appear to be a search for this inner idea, have had their influence on certain phases of modern sculpture and even painting; the remarkably simplified planes and contours, the stylized treatment of details, have had probably a more deep and fruitful influence on all contemporary sculpture.

Technically this inner quality is manifested in a tremendous vitality, expressed with an understanding of rhythm and mass. And there is often a fine organic unity, which shows in a plastic value, surpassing that of most civilized peoples. This is attributable to the wooden medium which of its nature gives a flexibility lacking in stone. The surfaces in particular are of unusual quality and reflect the laborious workmanship involved in the creation.

In the recent exhibition, Mr. Pleasants concludes, certain pieces such as the Maori ancestor god or the New Ireland cult mask, bear a definite relation to the ethnic type yet are far removed from realistic sculpture as we understand it. Others, such as the Congo chief's stool or the Congo woman holding a bowl, bear an even remoter resemblance, though dynamic and significant as works of art.

BACH FESTIVALS

ALTHOUGH the spring has always brought a great many music festivals to all sections of the country, this year has seemed to bring a reawakened interest in them, after the unavoidable curtailments of the two or three previous seasons, Harrison Kerr reminds us in this month's letter. Apparently, he continues, a larger number of the programs than ever before are being devoted wholly to the works of Bach. This widespread interest in his larger choral masterpieces may be the result of a variety of causes, but the effect can only be favorable. Many of the works, designed as they are on so vast a plan, can scarcely be fitted into the exigencies of an ordinary symphonic series. Thus, if it were not for these Bach festivals they would be in danger of being lost to the public for lack of presentation. Furthermore, when it is realized that the large choruses required in their performance are usually made up of laymen, and that they must spend months in intimate study of these masterworks, the potentialities become obvious.

The long established festival at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, must still take precedence in importance. The death of Dr. Wolle, director for many years, left a void difficult to fill.

Consequently this year's presentations, especially that of the *Christmas Oratorio*, fell below the usual standard. As always, the *B Minor Mass* was presented and with a little of the old authority. It is to be hoped that the various weaknesses disclosed this year, will disappear when a new conductor has had time to grow into the work. No lowering of the artistic standards can be tolerated in an institution so important to the cultural life of America.

In New York the Oratorio Society has for several years given an annual performance of the *B Minor Mass*. This year the Society joined forces with the Juilliard School in a week's festival. The complete *Passion According to Saint Matthew* was performed, as were the Brandenburg Concerti and several of the cantatas. Technically a high level was attained but the performances were not as inspired as one could have wished. Before leaving the subject of Bach festivals it is necessary to mention the well conceived performance of the *B Minor Mass* given at Newark by the Bach Society of New Jersey.

To turn for a moment to coming events: visitors to New York and Philadelphia will find the usual summer concert activities. In New York the stadium concerts will be resumed and in Philadelphia the concert series at Robin Hood Dell will run from July fifth through August twenty-ninth. In both places it is planned to give two performances a week of grand opera. Advance notices indicate that the works will be drawn largely from the ultra-familiar Italian repertory. In Chicago the symphony orchestra under Frederick Stock will perform daily at the exposition. There will be many other summer series too numerous to mention here. Evidently the warm months are no longer considered to be a time to escape from music of a serious nature.

KINGSLEY PORTER BIBLIOGRAPHY ISSUED

ISSUED by the Fogg Art Museum early in June was *The Writings of A. Kingsley Porter, 1883-1933—A Bibliography* compiled by his widow, Lucy Kingsley Porter. It was printed by D. B. Updike at The Merrymount Press and is just one more indication that Mr. Updike can make even a bibliography into a distinguished piece of printing.

It is more than fitting that the archæological writings of such a scholar should be listed in such form. The gradual growth of interest

from his *Medieval Architecture: Its Origins and Development*, published in 1909, to his *Pagan Sculpture in Ireland*, published in 1933, reveals his unscholastic but profound scholarship. For the layman who wishes to find the man's ability briefly but no less tellingly revealed we advise the pleasurable reading of *Strzygowski in English*, a review of the English translation of Strzygowski's *Origins of Christian Church Art*, in *The Arts* for March, 1925, pages 139-140.

It is with pardonable pride that we remind readers of an article by Dr. Kingsley Porter, "Giotto and the Art of Today," which appeared in the March, 1918, number of this magazine on pages 174-182.

As Foreword to the Bibliography, Mrs. Porter has selected the Foreword to *Spanish Romanesque Sculpture*. Its first paragraph is printed on the back cover of this number of the Magazine.

MESTROVIC AND DENVER

NOT long ago it was announced that Ivan Mestrovic, the well-known Jugoslavic sculptor, had been commissioned to make for Denver a one-hundred-thousand-dollar monument to the late Mayor Robert W. Speer. The money for the monument was left in the will of Vaso L. Chucovich.

An announcement of the commission appeared in the *Denver Post* for May ninth. A copy of this paper was received in the office of the Public Works of Art Project in Washington and was read by the Technical Director of the Project, Mr. Forbes Watson. He wrote a letter to the *Denver Post*, which formed the basis of its story. We quote it in part:

"... It seems to me that the giving of this commission to Mr. Mestrovic at any time should receive from the citizens of Denver a strong protest. At this particular moment in our economic and artistic history permitting Mr. Mestrovic to carry out the Denver project strikes me as being a shockingly unfortunate decision. . . .

"I do not wish to make either a nationalistic or a chauvinistic plea. It is true, of course, in one sense that art is international, but we ought at least to think of it as being international enough to include our own country. The Public Works of Art Project, through the splendid work and enthusiasm of our regional committees, covering the entire country, has brought the American artist out of his ivory tower into a new citizenship. It has awakened his fellow citizens to the fact that it is no

longer necessary for them when they desire a work of art, to follow blindly the old 'star' system, and weakly refer to an artist whose name, by one means or another, happens to be internationally famous.

"I should like to know how your Art Commission arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Mestrovic should be selected as the recipient of \$100,000 from Denver. Were they overcome by the effectiveness of his practised exposition methods? No one could deny the skill of Mr. Mestrovic. No one could deny that he knows thoroughly all the tricks of catching the eye of a casual observer in a public exhibition. I wonder if your Art Commission also knows as I know, through many years as Art Critic on the late *New York World* and on the

sufficiently intimate with it to express it? . . .

"I pity the sculptors of your region if this commission goes through, and I pity your Art Commission for the reputation it has unwittingly started for itself by the selection of a sculptor who in no work he has ever done has shown that he could possibly interpret any aspect of the life of your city. You will have a thoroughly professional and thoroughly affected, as well as effective, monument which will have no relation to the ideas or ideals of your community.

"Is this Denver's response to the new era, this servile following of the 'star' system from which the American artist has so long suffered? In contrast with this we find that in communities all over the United States the laymen have become so interested in their artists, so awakened to the fact that the future development of American art depends on community courage and encouragement that they no longer chase the phantom of an artificially made reputation. By working with the artists laymen are becoming more intimately knowing and more understanding, and the artists stronger and more productive. This mutual benefit to laymen and artist, plus the economic and social benefit, is far more important than it is for Denver to become possessed of a work which cannot possibly reflect the spirit of your citizens. However well-known, for the time being, the name attached to it may be, that will be slight consolation."

The *Denver Post* issued an extra with double headlines above the masthead and ran the story for all it was worth. The result: The Denver City Council unanimously adopted a resolution ousting Mestrovic as a possible sculptor for the monument by making it a condition that the artist commissioned be an American.



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

Painted Enamel, Limoges, about 1575

Recently Purchased by the Boston Museum

New York Evening Post, and as Editor of *The Arts* for ten years, what barrels of inspired publicity pour into the newspaper offices about Mestrovic. You might ask your own art critic about this point. . . .

"I should like to know what is the purpose of your memorial. Are you merely anxious to receive an effective piece of high grade professionalism, which expresses nothing of the spirit of your community? Are you going to judge it by the sureness with which it 'shocks the bourgeois'? For Mr. Mestrovic is a past-master at this old-fashioned game. Or do you wish for a genuine interpretation of the spirit of your own community by someone who is

LIMOGES ENAMEL FOR BOSTON MUSEUM

THE recent acquisition of a painted enamel plaque of the sixteenth century from Limoges, showing Christ's entry into Jerusalem is announced in the June *Bulletin* of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. It was at one time in the Bardac Collection, and exhibited at the Exposition des Primitifs Français in Paris in 1904. It was later acquired by Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan, from whose collection (sold last fall at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries, Inc.), it went to the Boston Museum.

Edwin J. Hipkiss, Curator of Decorative

Arts at the Museum, wrote in part as follows in his *Bulletin* article: "In France during the Middle Ages the very ancient art of enameling centered in Limoges—an art also practised in Italy and Germany, which had been introduced into Europe from Byzantium, probably by way of Venice. . . . During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the art of enameling contributed much to the enrichment of both religious and secular life; it had a marked place in the realm of Gothic art, but by the end of the fourteenth century it had suffered a loss of patronage, and during the following century the unending wars with the English put a further check upon its development.

"Under the united kingdom of Francis I, the art was again revived and a school of painter-enamelers grew up with Limoges again as the principal center. French scholars have done something toward identifying individual workers, but comparatively little is known about them. Certain family groups were preëminent: the Penicauds, the Limousins, the Noualliers, the Reymonds, the Courteys, the Courts, and the Laudins. There were five Penicauds: Nardon, three successive Johns, and a Peter. M. de Vasselot gives our enamel to the atelier of John I, still retaining characteristics of his predecessor, Nardon, an attribution which places it in the latter half of the sixteenth century. . . ."

GERMAN PRIMITIVE, KANSAS CITY

THE William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art has recently announced the acquisition of its first German primitive panel. Painted in oil on wood, it depicts St. George and St. Wolfgang. The attribution which, according to an announcement from the museum, becomes obvious immediately upon study, is to that as yet unnamed Master of the Hausbuch, or, as he is often called, the Master of the Amsterdam Cabinet.

This panel which is in an extraordinary state of preservation, is a most important addition to the primitive group of the Nelson Gallery and ranks in rarity with the great Velencian retablo. It was purchased from A. S. Drey & Company, New York.

* * *

Sincere apologies, although somewhat belated, are due to the Nelson Gallery for an error in a caption on page 236 of our May number. The painting reproduced ("After the

Bath," by Raphælle Peale), was wrongly noted as being in the collections of the City Art Museum, St. Louis.



MASTER OF THE HAUSBUCH:
STS. GEORGE AND WOLFGANG

Recently Purchased by the Nelson Gallery,
Kansas City

NEW BOOKS ON ART

Russian Mediaeval Architecture

By David R. Buxton. Cambridge, The Cambridge University Press; New York, The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. Price, \$7.00.

THE first book in English dealing with Russian mediaeval architecture offers more than the title indicates: it is a very good and well-written outline of the mediaeval (lasting in Russia until the end of the seventeenth century) architecture of old Russia (Moscovia or Muscovy of the Mediaeval West), Ukraina, and Transcaucasia. It is the result of the author's three visits to the Soviet Union and is superbly authenticated with one hundred and eight plates, giving us more than two hundred photographs of the most characteristic architectural gems of those regions during the middle ages, and has in addition two maps and several text illustrations. Many of the photographs were taken by the author, some being the first ones made; often they were secured under very difficult and even dangerous conditions.

The clearly written text is divided into two parts, one dealing with Russia and the other with Transcaucasia. Both are preceded by general introductions. Mr. Buxton begins his first part with a consideration of Kiev (St. Sophia); he then proceeds over Novgorod-Pskov and Vladimir to Moscow and Yaroslavl. After having given an appreciation of the wooden architecture of Russia and Ukraina up to the eighteenth century he ends his account with the Baroque in those regions.

In his second part, Mr. Buxton discusses the origins of Transcaucasian architecture and then offers us a concise but again very well written sketch of the revolutionary ecclesiastical building of tenth and eleventh century Armenia and Georgia, finishing with a short but highly instructive account of the "westward spread of the Caucasian influence."

The best books written in various languages have been consulted by the author. He has paid due attention to the great pioneering books of Professor Josef Strzygowski, of Vienna. A short bibliography giving the fundamental works published in Russian, German, French, and English is included; the work is completed by an excellent index.

"Russia" was and still is a very vague term, as Dr. Le Coq pointed out emphatically, a term misleading for the uninitiated. We sincerely believe that Mr. Buxton's valuable work

would gain twice and more in scholarly value and popularity if divided into *four parts* dealing with the mediaeval architecture of (1) Ukraina, (2) White Ruthenia, (3) Russia, and (4) Transcaucasia. As to the first part, the author will find exceptionally rich material outside of what has been published by Graber in the works of Schmit, Shcherbakivskij, Sichynskij, and Zalozietskij, as well as in the superb collections treasured in the Ukrainian Museums at Kiev, Chernigov, Poltava, Khar-



CHURCH OF KIZHI

From *Russian Mediaeval Architecture*

kov, Odessa, and Lwow. As to the remarkable wooden architecture of Ukraina, a concise discussion and literature may be found in my review of the fine book of Professor Petranu on the wooden churches of Bihor-Rumania (Sibiu, 1931), published in *The Art Bulletin*.^{*} A valuable introduction to the general history of the art of the important yet little known White Ruthenia one may find in the good article by N. Shchekatikhin, published recently in the monumental *Soviet Encyclopedia*. As to the third part, the "pilepy" of Yuriev Polskij, etc., also the notorious style of Putinki (hence "Putinkovshchina"), they deserve more atten-

^{*} March, 1933, pp. 86-88.

tion. More details illustrating the interior features would be welcome, too. Further characteristic illustrative material known to us from the works of Strzygowski and Gluck might be added with profit to the third part.

At any rate, we should appreciate at least ten pages of bibliography in the next edition of this long needed and commendable book.

ALEXANDER SUSHKO

Nature in Design

By Joan Evans. London, Humphrey Milford; New York, The Oxford University Press. Price, \$5.00.

JOAN EVANS combines, in an amazing way, the biologist, the litterateur, the archaeologist, and the historian; and her new book, *Nature in Design*, is a rich but sometimes irritating union of all these elements. She has a microscopic erudition and a lively imaginative style, but her instinct for encyclopaedic exactitude makes this book a bewildering maze, except, perhaps, for the student or the specialist. Even for them irrelevant detail is often a deterrent. How important is it, for instance, in a discussion of naturalism in ancient art that Castor's horse was called Kyllaros?

Based on three lectures, delivered at University College, on naturalism in European decoration from Minoan to late Renaissance times, this book is an attempt to "examine the work of art, to understand from other sources, literary, historical, and archaeological, the state of civilization which produced it and then having both sets of data, examine the relation between them." Miss Evans reminds us that "roses blossomed and trees came into leaf before the Cretan painters saw them, that the light lay cold on the snow before Brueghel, and the poplars turned pale in the wind before Corot, but such being was unperceived and unexpressed." To judge only by the eighty-five exciting illustrations for this book, much more seems to have been "perceived and expressed" than we will ever know. If we are to accept Miss Evans' thesis, the visible world, as it is translated into art, has changed very little during the last three thousand years. On a Minoan gem a dog barks at a goat, safe on a ledge. Dolphins and octopuses cling to the surfaces of Minoan jars and cups. A mouse crawls along a barley stalk on a coin of about four hundred B. C. Crabs and sea-perch, hares and eagles animate other coins. On a mediaeval capital at Saulieu there is a lively cock-fight. More than thirty varieties of plants and flowers appear on Chartres Cathedral; and the Cathedral at Rheims is reputed to have still

more. On the portal of the Cathedral at Lyons there are fourteenth-century medallions on which a cock stands on a dead rabbit, and a water-bird can be seen catching an eel.

In the textiles, miniatures, sculpture, and wall-paintings of the early Renaissance, in the hunting scenes and in the scenes of the "Labors of the Months," we find many other examples of keen and exact observation of nature. Poppies and marigolds often appear beside parsley and leeks; swans and nightingales with snails and hornets—for it was from gardens and meadows, we are told, that fourteenth-century designers drew their inspiration. In the English and French Renaissance mediaeval naturalism lingered on. Miss Evans amusingly points out that insects, familiar on mediaeval manuscript borders, were even allowed to creep upon one of Queen Elizabeth's gowns. In Renaissance Italy landscape became for a time a conventionalized backdrop. In Germany and Austria a pseudo-scientific naturalism heralded the Baroque.

Here Miss Evans' explorations end. With her trained and alert eye, she has not only discovered, but has also identified. She recognizes the fresh-water crab on the fifth-century coin, the wild peas on the late Minoan jar, the leaves of *Hepatica* on the transept portals of Chartres, the frieze of water-cress and the croquet of snapdragons on the west door of Notre Dame of Paris.

Scrupulously documented with soaring mountains of footnotes, this book contains much invaluable material, correlated probably for the first time in this way. It is a pity that Dr. Evans' frequently confusing passion for minutiae should limit her audience to those few who can venture through her book without a glossary. It is also unfortunate that so little stress is placed on the structural content of many of the objects discussed and illustrated; that bewildering inventories of facts often befog the social background; that the people and the times that produced these curious and lovely monuments remain part of a phantom world, sketched in only to fit one or another of her theories, many of which are certainly debatable. Does "primitive man content himself with patterns not of beauty but of reassurance"? Does he need "decoration to give unification in a world of bewildering variety"? Is it true (and this is one of her favorite theories) that "when the cities are laid waste and deserted, the roots of naturalism are destroyed, because it is only in an urban and courtly civilization that naturalism flourishes"?

We hope this book is only the scaffolding for a more discursive analysis in the future, in which the whole will not be eclipsed by the part, the synthetic vision by the fact.

GERTRUDE BENSON

Briefer Mention

THE following publisher's note in Henry Rankin Poore's *Thinking Straight on Modern Art* (listed elsewhere in this issue) is self-explanatory: "The present volume is a condensation from 'Modern Art; Why, What and How' and 'The Conception of Art.'"

"It contains the arguments, pro and con, concerning Modern Art, omitting chapters from these books on the personnel of the new movement.

"The Foreword [eleven pages] is a summation of the entire question, with an insistent recommendation to the reader that a complete severation be made between Modern, and Ultra-Modern Art."

Early in the spring there was published under the auspices of The Exposition of Indian Tribal Arts, Inc., New York, *Songs of the Tewa*, translations by Herbert Joseph Spinden of the Brooklyn Museum. The poems themselves are preceded by a full interpretative essay on American Indian Poetry.

Colour in Advertising, by Joseph Binder (\$7.50), is the most recent of the useful and sumptuous volumes issued in this country by Studio Publications, Inc., New York branch of *The Studio, Ltd.*, London. The subtitle of the book is "The Harmony of Contrasts," which is paradoxical enough to set one thinking. Counting one small color spectrum the book contains twenty-nine process color plates, most of which appeared originally in *Commercial Art and Industry* or *Modern Publicity*. They are reissued in the present book, according to the publishers, "to make their individual merits assist in a constructive explanation of the principles of colour,"—and, of course, to give a "great profusion of colour illustrations. . . ." The text consists of some seventeen pages of discussion of "The Laws of Colour," "Prismatic Colour," "Stimulating the Eye," "The Psychological Effect of Colour," "The Symbolism of Colour," and "The Necessity of Style," as well as a few of the more practical sides of commercial design. Mr. Binder is one of the thoroughly trained Austrian designers who have had so much influence on advertising art during the past several years.

Probably assured of being the most popular booklet of the "Enjoy Your Museum" series is *How I Make a Woodcut*, by Rockwell Kent (Number IIB of the series), which is one of the three just issued. Mr. Kent ends his booklet thus (except for a reproduction of his already familiar "Hail and Farewell"): "Yet in woodblock prints the inescapably definite nature of every step of the technique, from the cutting of the blocks to the printing of them, makes the values of their craftsmanship inseparable from their art. They are a proper medium for the expression of clear uncompromising thought. Love them for that."

Another new volume of the series is *Old Sandwich Glass* (Number IIIC), by William Germain Dooley, Antiques Editor of the *Boston Transcript*. He takes a moderate and intelligent stand as indicated by a few sentences found on the last page: "One thing is certainly true, amid all the clamor. It makes very little difference from an artistic standpoint, when or by whom, or in what state or factory a certain piece of glass might be made. . . . In other words, art in glass is like everything else, a harmonious combination of pleasing and suitable design, good color, and a decoration that fits its space well and is not incongruous with the use to which the object is to be put. . . ." Mary Austin is the author of the third of the series just received, *Indian Pottery of the Rio Grande* (Number IIIB). Here her knowledge of the Indians of her chosen Southwest is given compact and immensely helpful form. Readers will remember pleasurably her article "American Indian Murals," in our August, 1933, issue (pages 380-384) and will find here further evidence of her knowledge of the social forms which continue to make Indian art of startling significance to dwellers in a disrupted Western civilization. (10 cts. each.)

Books Received

Baroque Painters of Italy, by Arthur McComb. Cambridge, Harvard University Press. Price, \$5.00.

Claude Monet and His Garden, by Stephen Gwynn. New York, Macmillan Company. Price, \$3.00.

English Romanesque Architecture, by A. W. Clapham. New York, Oxford University Press. Price, \$12.00.

Fine Art, by H. S. Goodhart-Rendel. New York, Oxford University Press. Price, \$1.50.

Notes on the Merrymount Press and Its Work, by D. B. Updike. Cambridge, Harvard University Press.

Thinking Straight on Modern Art, by Henry Rankin Poore. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

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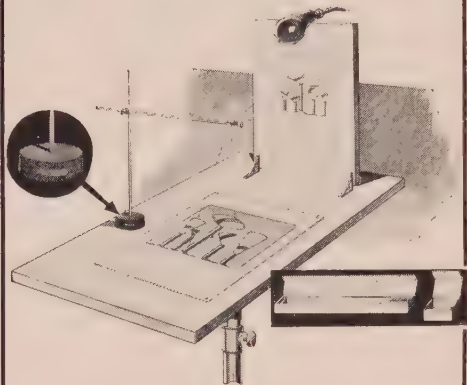
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New York Galleries

Following their usual custom, a number of the New York galleries have closed for the months of July and August. Those remaining open have arranged interesting group exhibitions.

Argent Gallery, 42 W. 57th St. Exhibition by members of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, July 1 to 31.

Frans Buffa & Sons, 58 W. 57th St. Paintings, July 1 to 31.

D. Caz-Delbo, Rockefeller Center. Paintings by American and French Artists, July 1 to 31.

Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54th St. Exhibition, "Sidewalks of New York," July 1 to 30.

Ferargil, Inc., 63 E. 57th St. American and Foreign Art, Garden Sculpture, July 1 to 16.

Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave. 1934 Founder's Show, July 1 to 31.

Grand Central Art Galleries, Fifth Ave. Galleries. Paintings and Sculpture by American Artists, July 1 to 31.

Jacob Hirsch, 30 W. 54th St. Antiquities and Numismatics, July 1 to 31.

Kennedy & Co., 785 Fifth Ave. Early American Water Colors and Prints, July 1 to 31.

M. Knoedler & Co., 14 E. 57th St. Various Interiors and Paintings of Interiors, July 1 to 31; Prints, July 1 to 31.

C. W. Kraushaar, 680 Fifth Ave. Paintings and Water Colors by American Artists, July 1 to 31.

John Levy Galleries, 1 E. 57th St. 18th Century English Portraits and French Academic Masters, July 1 to 31.

Macbeth Gallery, 15 East 57th St. American Paintings, July 1 to 31.

Frank K. M. Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave. American Paintings, July 1 to 31.

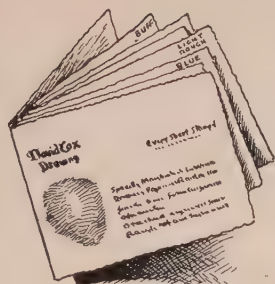
Schwartz Galleries, 507 Madison Ave., Landscape and Marine Paintings by Various Artists, July 1 to 31.

Jacques Seligmann & Co., Inc. Paintings, Ceramics, etc., by Contemporary American Artists, July 1 to 31.

Howard Young Galleries, 677 Fifth Ave. Landscapes by American and European Artists, July 1 to 31.

Foreign Travel and Study

A summer school for American painters, called the American-Hungarian Academy of Art, will be opened in Budapest, Hungary, July 30th. The course will last five weeks and



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will include drawing, modeling, studio, outdoor and fresco painting. The directors of the Academy are the well-known painters, Vilmos Aba Novak and Bela Ivanyi Grunwald, both of whom have exhibited in this country, and Iaszlo Kando, Professor at the Royal Hungarian Academy of Art. American students will sail from New York on July 19th with the Secretary of the Academy, Mr. Tibor Bartok, who is now in this country.

The second Moscow Theatre Festival will be held from September 1st to 10th. Ten first rate repertory companies will present masterpieces of opera, ballet, drama, comedy and fantasy. Oliver M. Saylor, critic and author of numerous books on the Russian theatre, and Mrs. William S. Barkentin will lead a group of Americans who will attend the festival, sailing from New York on August 15th.

An exhibition of sacred art called "The Passion in French Art" has been assembled from the bas reliefs, statues, crucifixes and paintings in cathedrals and other historic shrines in France. The exhibition, which will extend to August first, is being held in two parts of Paris; part of the exhibits being shown in the Sainte Chapelle and the rest in the Museum of Sculpture at the Trocadero.

BILL JONES

told us this little story, and we'd like to pass it on to you: "Just before I started out for a drive the other Sunday, I tucked that little book by Allen Tucker in the side pocket of my car. After driving for quite awhile, I pulled up by the roadside to rest a moment. Out came 'Design and the Idea,' and I started to read a page or two. Well, the end stopped me."* We believe *you* will find this little book a thrilling experience, as Bill did. Get your copy now. Just write your name and address on the bottom of this page, and send it with a dollar to The American Federation of Arts, Barr Building, Washington. If you are a Federation member, deduct ten per cent.

* This is a true statement, other than that Bill's name naturally is fictitious.



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Summer Shows

The Commonwealth Art Colony, Boothbay Harbor, Maine, has been combined with the A. K. Cross Art School, Boothbay Harbor. Gloucester Society of Artists, Incorporated, Gloucester, Massachusetts. First Exhibition, June 30 to July 31; Second Exhibition, August 4 to September 15.

Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Connecticut: Water Color, Etching, Pastel Exhibition, June 16 to July 8; Annual Oil Exhibition, July 28 to September 4; Second Autumn Exhibition (artist members only), September 15 to October 9.

Mystic Art Association, Incorporated, Mystic, Connecticut. Memorial Exhibition of Charles H. Davis, first three weeks of July; Annual Exhibition, late July to middle of September.

Art Association of Newport, Newport, Rhode Island. Annual Exhibition of Oil Paintings, July 7 to 29 (entries in by June 22); Water Color Show, August 18 to September 8 (entries in by August 8). Jury Exhibitions. Open to all.

North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Massachusetts. Annual Exhibition, June 30 to September 8.

Ogunquit Art Association, Beach Road, Ogunquit, Maine. Annual Exhibitions of Oils, Water Colors, Etchings, and Prints: (1) from July 2 to July 31; (2) from August 2 to September 10.

Ogunquit Art Center, Ogunquit, Maine. Twelfth Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Etchings, July 1 to September 8. Jury Exhibition, open to all.

Provincetown Art Association, Provincetown, Massachusetts. Modern Exhibition, July 1 to July 29; Twentieth Annual Exhibition, August 5 to September 3.

Silvermine Guild of Artists, Norwalk, Connecticut. (1) Winter's Work from Guild Hall Classes, (2) Oils and Sculpture, (3) Water Colors, (4) Small Paintings, Thumb Box Sketches, etc., (5) Pottery and Craft; from approximately June 1 to September 10.

* * *

Chicago No-Jury Society of Artists, Inc., 164 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. Eleventh Annual Exhibition, July 9 to August 9. Paintings, etchings, sculpture. Entries received by July 2. Open to all.

Denver Art Museum, Denver, Colorado. Fortieth Annual Exhibition, Painting, Sculpture, Drawing, Lithography, Etching, Woodblock Prints. Open to all, June 19 to September 1. Entries received June 6 and 7.

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